

VICE CONDITIONS IN DOTHAN TOLD BY McNEILL IN HOT TALK

Large Congregation Hears Sensational Charges Made by Pastor of Foster Street Methodist Church Sunday Night.

McNEILL'S CHARGES:

- Mammon, God of Money; Bacchus, God of Wine; Venus, God of Lust, are enthroned in Dothan.
- Pleasant View, the red light district, and "blind tigers," are fostered and patronized by officers, citizens and boys of this city.
- Dark automobiles may be seen by the roadside empty.
- It is almost impossible for a young man to disgrace himself in Dothan. He may get drunk and arrested one night and go with some of the best girls in the city the next night.
- One man said that upon hearing the fire whistle at night, he turned over, felt the wall to see if it was cool, and finding it that way, resumed his slumbers. This is no subject for jest.
- Has Mayor Baker taken any steps to bring alleged incendiaries to justice?

The most sensational arraignment of conditions said to exist in Dothan, ever heard from platform or pulpit in this city was heard by a large congregation at the Foster Street Methodist Church Sunday night, when the pastor, Dr. H. H. McNeill, among other things, charged that Pleasant View, the red light district, and blind tigers, were fostered and patronized by officers, citizens and boys of the city.

The remarks of the pastor were not only aimed at the city government, but at the citizenship generally. He said "The chase after money and the pursuit after pleasures have degraded your morals and destroyed your society." The speaker indicated he meant this in a general way.

The pastor referred to Pleasant View and "blind tigers," as the two institutions of shame and death, which he said was destroying the young men of this city, physically, morally and spiritually. He charged that these two alleged institutions were fostered and patronized by officers as well as citizens and boys of Dothan.

That Mammon, Bacchus and Venus, are enthroned here, was one of the startling charges made by the speaker. Mammin is the God of money; Bacchus, the God of wine or strong drink, and Venus, as the pastor construed it, is the God of lust.

In connection with the alleged operation of houses of ill fame and the alleged illegal sale of whiskey, breach is made, and you must stand which the pastor said was destroy on one side or the other.

The auditorium, balcony and Sunday School room, were well filled with people, it being conservatively estimated that there were between 1,500 and 2,000 persons present. At times the pastor was really eloquent, and his whole soul seemed to be in his work. Aside from its sensational features, the sermon is regarded almost impossible for a young man as one of the best.

to disgrace himself in Dothan; that he could get drunk and be arrested one night, and go with most any type of conditions of alleged law-girl in Dothan the next night. The looseness and shame rampant in Dothan, which brought forth the bibles standing by the roadides empty.

Mayor Joe Baker was not spared with conditions which he charged to the pastor, who said that the exist in Dothan.

Heavy Rains Check German Advance to Paris

CONDITION OF COTTON BETTER THAN YEAR AGO

Washington, Aug. 31.—Governor's report of the condition of cotton Aug. 25, is 75 per cent compared to 68 and two-tenths last year, ten year average, seventy-three and four-tenths.

Alabama, 77; Mississippi, 75; Tennessee, 76; and Louisiana, 66.

ITALY SENDS AN ULTIMATUM TO AUSTRIA

Rome, Aug. 31.—It is reported Italy has sent an ultimatum to Austria demanding an explanation of the marching of troops near the Italian border. The Italian foreign office refused to reveal the nature of the communication from Baron Macchio, the Austrian ambassador to Italy. It is stated "Italy sees no reason for altering her decision to remain neutral."

NEGRO KILLED IN ROW TODAY

Warrant Sworn Out for Malcolm Ingram, Charging Him With the Offense.—Officers Fail to Locate Ingram.

Olle Bryson, a negro, was shot to death in a difficulty that took place in the vicinity of South Alice street, Frogtown, early this morning. Following the shooting a warrant was sworn out before Justice Butler, charging Malcolm Ingram with the offense. At 2 o'clock this afternoon Sheriff B. O. Hay had not succeeded in locating Ingram.

The Sheriff says that his information is that a man, whose name the officers have not found out, was holding the negro when the shot was fired. A report has been given credence that the bullet penetrated the negro and struck a white man in the arm, but sheriff has not been able to confirm this report.

London, Aug. 31.—Heavy rains temporarily checked advance of the Germans toward Paris. Although Germans have driven allies back fifty miles in the past week, they have failed to disintegrate the allied army which still presents an unbroken front.

Announcement by the war office that allies occupy a much stronger position than heretofore and news of the destruction of the entire German army corps by General Pau, caused an optimistic feeling here.

England is sending fresh troops to the continent, while the entire German army is already in the Red.

Russian Invest Koensburg, Thorne Gradine and Lemberg.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 31.—Official announcement of investment of the German cities of Koensburg, Thorne and Gradine, and the Austrian stronghold, Lemberg, was made by the Russian general staff today.

Russian military experts say the Austrians erred by releasing the Vistula railroad, creating the danger of being cut off from the base at Cracow.

TURKEY MAY DECLARE WAR ON GREECE

Paris, Aug. 31.—Semi-official Temps says if Turkey declares war on Greece Italy will take the field against Turkey.

GERMANS EVACUATE DIEST

Antwerp, Aug. 31.—The evacuation of Diest by Germans with drawal from entire northern Belgium is officially announced by the Belgian war office. Forces were taken away to reinforce the army attacking allies in the south.

CONCLAVE MEETS TO ELECT POPE

Rome, Aug. 31.—The conclave, which will elect a successor to Pope Pius X, convened at the vatican today.

MONTANA ASKS FOR FEDERAL AID

Washington, Aug. 31.—Governor Stewart of Montana, appealed to the War Department for Federal troops to aid the militia in quelling miners' riots.

No aid will be given until the State is ready to turn the entire situation over to the federal government.

MORE RUSSIAN DEFEATS ANNOUNCED

Berlin, Aug. 31.—Count De Szogyen-Marier, Austrian ambassador to Germany, announced the army invaded Russian Poland had defeated Russians at Kraznik. Says enemy retreating in Lublin. Heavy losses on both sides. Russians lost bravest. Large number of Russian guns captured.

GERMANS SUCCESSFUL IN EAST AND WEST

Berlin, Aug. 31.—"Both in east and west our troops are successful," says official announcement issued at war office today. It adds "English troops sent to France have been cut off base and unable to receive reinforcements."

ALLIES WILL NOT TAKE REFUGE IN PARIS

Paris, Aug. 31.—It was learned today if the allies are pushed back on Paris they will not take refuge in the city but will keep the field and harass the enemy. To attempt to strike and shatter the weakest point of the invaders is abandoned and allies have concentrated to resist German advance.

It is reported that General Pau, hero of the present war, will succeed General Joffre as commander in chief of the allies.

Arrangements are being made to transfer base of the army from Paris to the southward if it becomes necessary.

FEAR TURKEY WILL ENTER WAR ARENA

London, Aug. 31.—Fears that Turkey will enter the war arena with her hordes in an attempt to regain territory lost in the Balkan conflict are growing persistent.

KING CAROL ABANDONS FROM ROMANIAN THRONE

London, Aug. 31.—The report from Bucharest that King Carol had abdicated on account of ill health has been confirmed.

DON'T WANT U. S. TO BUY SHIPS

Washington, Aug. 31.—Great Britain has protested against the United States buying foreign ships.

FIRST BATTLE ON FRENCH SOIL BEGAN TODAY

Paris, Aug. 31.—The first great battle on French soil began this morning. The line extends from Mont Hermé to Villers.

BISHOP MINTYHE DEAD

Chicago, Aug. 31.—Bishop Robt. McIntyre, Methodist Episcopal, well known lecturer, poet, novelist and "discoverer" of James Whitcomb Riley, died at the age of 63 this morning.

GERMANS CAPTURE RUSSIAN MUNITION

New York, Aug. 31.—Wireless from Berlin states Germans have captured thirty thousand Russian munitions in East Prussia.

If you start off with "The Million Dollar Mystery," beginning in this issue of The Eagle, you will keep up the interest all the way through. The Palace will show the moving pictures of this, Harold McGrath's, most interesting novel.

ENGLAND SEIZES GERMAN SAMOA

Washington, Aug. 31.—Official advices stating England has seized German Samoa lifted a load from American diplomats who feared Japan would seize the islands, and thus gain a naval base striking distance of the Panama canal.

"The Million Dollar Mystery," is a good story, and starts in this issue of The Eagle. Save it, and keep tab on this interesting story as it is shown weekly in moving pictures at the Palace.

DOTHAN MAY GET TWO MEN APPEAL WOODMEN MEET LIQUOR CASES

Dr. A. B. Horne, of Union Springs, Believes This City Has Fair Chance to Land 1917 Convention.

That the prospects of Dothan landing the 1917 bi-annual convention of the Woodmen of the World is bright, was indicated by Dr. A. B. Horne, head adviser-lecturer, of Union Springs, who was here today.

While Dr. Horne did not go on record as favoring any particular place for the convention, he indicated that he believes Dothan has a good chance. He was taken in charge by local Woodmen, and shown the site where the city hall is to be erected. Dr. Horne was profuse in his compliments of the city; of the great progress the Metropolis of the Wiregrass has made. He pointed out the general activity he noted in the commercial and industrial life of the city.

D. J. Dancy, of Tuscaloosa, the head consul, who is in Abbeville, is expected in Dothan today, for the purpose of attending a meeting of the Woodmen of the World tonight. He and Mr. Horne will probably be present.

The uniform rank of the local organization has recently returned from a large meeting at Columbus, Ga., where more Alabama Woodmen were present than the forces of Georgia and Florida combined. This indicates that Alabama is a great stronghold of the order.

Major Joe Baker, President of the Large Police Court Monday Morning.

Charged with violating the prohibition laws by selling spirituous, viscous or malt liquors, A. M. Stephens, and U. L. Lewis who were arrested by Officers Daugherty and Spivey, were convicted when tried by Mayor Joe Baker this morning, and fined \$100 each. They were also sentenced to six months on the streets. Both defendants asked for appeal bonds to a higher court.

Seven negroes, charged with gambling in Fred Blakeley's place, were fined \$20 each. They were arrested early today by Police Officers Miller and Reeves.

Fred Dickerson, colored, was fined \$5 on a charge of running an automobile with the cut-out open.

Ed Louis, whom it is claimed stole a pair of pants, was fined \$20 on a petit larceny charge.

The police report that they are making fair headway in the collection of delinquent street taxes.

Dothan, Ala., Aug. 30th, 1914.

To "A DECIPLE"

Your article published in Saturday's Eagle will, perhaps, do the rest away to the material and moral cause of decency in Dothan more harm than anything which has been published. I assume that is contrary to your purpose.

You have taken some of the most popular and best known attributes of the Master and sandwiched them in with such serious misapplication that the mass of the readers who are not given to analytical construction may be fatally misled. Or, to restate the idea, you have invited an objection in equity by giving a half-truth.

It is impractical to answer you serially, for you have not been sequential in your presentation. But you have taken the general position that Christ stood for weakness, submission, gentleness, patience and non assertiveness, and that his followers are bloodied and unarm in trying to bring about the enforcement of the law in this community.

Christ did possess these traits, but a large part of His time, energy and conversation, was devoted to the militant combat of evil. We know that He would emphatically and publicly denounce iniquity in Dothan, were He to visit us in the flesh, because this is precisely what He did when confronted with the character of iniquity which is rampant here.

You have, unwittingly, perhaps, taken up substantially the slogan of the liquorites in the Amendment days. That is, that those who want righteousness and sought to institute proceedings for the ultimate outcome of the same, were denounced as fanatics and told to go back to their business and let politics alone.

You say the controversy in this Dothan, Ala., Aug. 30th, 1914.

THE DOTNAN EAGLE

(Every afternoon except Sunday)

W. T. Hall, Editor and Proprietor.

W. C. Hatcher, Business Manager.

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Monday August 31, 1914.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination as alderman of the city of Dothan from Ward 1, subject to the action of the Democratic primary September 14, 1914.

J. D. MARTIN.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination as alderman from ward 1, subject to the action of the Democratic primary, September 14th.

W. T. Shigler.

WAR LITERATURE.

By Walt Mason in the Emporia, Kan. Gazette.

"At this time," said the stranger, "when the dogs of war have been turned loose in Europe, and that great nations are engaged in a death struggle, such a book as the one I am introducing is a household necessity. It was written by Captain Lucien, the celebrated navigator and master of strategy, and gives the relative strength of all the great armies, the comparative efficiency of the different armies, and—"

"You don't need to describe it any further, mister," declared Mrs. Curfew. "I don't care to hear another word about grim visaged war, as my husband calls it, or its wrinkled front. I thought when the war opened in Europe that we Americans had reason to be thankful as we are on good terms with all our neighbors and friends, with the possible exception of Mexico, and Mexico really doesn't count when it comes to serious havoc and letting slip the dogs of war, for I feel sure this country wouldn't make more than one mite of that republic."

"But I must confess that we haven't so much to be thankful for, after all, for the men are so interested in what's going on across the sea that it's next to impossible to get them to do anything around the house. Ever since the German ambassador left France I have been obliged to carry in all the coal and water used in this house, and since the Mikado of Japan announced that he would protect British interests in the Far East I have had to dig the potatoes and milk the cow."

"Mr. Curfew is so excited over these matters that he spends all his time during the day, down at the One Horse Grocery, arguing military tactics and naval strategy with some other old rascal like himself, and when he does come home in the evening he brings two or three of his cronies along, and they sit out under the tree in the front yard talking war until I'm sick of the very word."

"If they could argue such things peacefully and calmly, as women argue things at their club meetings, there would be some excuse for it, but they don't. When my husband that he has placed the words Dothan, Ala., Aug. 21st.

comes into the house I have to make politeness for his head.
"Last night old Cap Hilljaw came home with my husband and took supper with us. These two men couldn't drop their war argument long enough to eat, and they were shooting language at each other across the table until I felt like taking a rolling pin to both of them. Cap was so occupied with what he was saying that he put salt instead of sugar in his tea, and my husband poured vinegar over his blue mangle and cream over his sliced cucumbers."

"When they were done eating they went into the front yard and kept on arguing, and I could hear every word. My husband was saying, 'There are four hundred more forts on the island of Germany,' when Cap broke in, saying, 'Any well-eyed schoolboy knows that Germany isn't an island. There's no use arguing with a man as ignorant as you are.'"

"I saw right there that trouble was brewing, but what could I do? A woman doesn't realize her own helplessness until she sees her husband getting into difficulties in his own doorway."

"Mr. Curfew said: 'I don't allow any old back number like you to call me an ignorant man. I have forgotten more about Germany than you ever knew. I suppose you think Germany is a continent, or a fresh water lake, or a river of doubt, away in the jungles of Brazil. My ancestor came from Germany, and my great grandfather invented German Oliver. I tell you that Germany is an island, entirely surrounded by water, and if you dispute my word I'll stand you on your head and nail shingles to your feet.'"

"I won't stand for any such language as that," said Cap, and he hit my husband over the head with a washboard, and Mr. Curfew expostulated with a potato masher, and it took about three able bodied neighbors to separate them, and I was making position until long after midnight. So you see for yourself that I don't want any books treating on war or rumors of war."

CLIPPED

From The Exchange

Incentive to Speed.

The ocean liners are crossing over now faster than ever before. Ghosts on the high seas in the shape of roaming cruisers and battleships are great incentives to speed.—Selma Times.

It Never Fails.

Saw two red-headed girls down and right along came two gray horses.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

Don't Neglect Fall Garden.

Don't neglect the fall garden and when you sow turnips, sow some cabbage seed for early use.—Laverne Journal.

Poor Texas!

Poor Texas! She is to suffer a special session of her legislature.—Anniston Star.

Just the Worst Ones Bottled.

State Game Warden Wallace has issued a bulletin on Alabama snakes which shows that all the Alabama products are not the bottle sports.—Talladega Home.

Learned Something.

Our people never knew until now that our sugar and coffee prices were dependent upon Europe.—Gunterville Democrat.

Appearing Often.

Our "little" printer, who sets type for the society column, says

"punch" and "delicious salad course" in type so often, that he can think of paint put on and not by the gallon.
A gallon of paint in the can is of no account to anybody, but it on now reckon its cost and value.
The secret fatone paint goes twice as far as another. A good one goes twice as far as a bad one.

Will Need More Grain.

Farmers should begin to plan for that extra large crop of oats that they are going to plant this fall. All the grain that can be raised will be needed next spring.—Union Springs Herald.

Met Return of Savagery.

A total eclipse of the sun took place a day or so ago over the Japanese war zone. Providence probably timed it to be approximately simultaneous with the return to savagery.—Pennacola Journal.

Irish Potatoes in Diamond's Case.

Why not have an Irish potato mounted in a fine Fletcher or Tiffany and wear it instead of a diamond? They cost nearly as much.—Ozark Herald.

Correct Answer.

In a state examination for public school teachers recently in Georgia, the following question appeared under the subject of geography: "Locate Mexico, give its climate, principal imports, exports and form of government." To this question one of the applicants answered: "Mexico is located southwest of the United States. Its climate is very healthy at present. Its chief imports are powder and lead. Its chief exports are dead Americans. Nobody but God and Bill Bryan know its form of government."—Prattville Progress.

Not Attractive to Colonel.

An American lawyer in Paris has addressed an appeal to Colonel Roosevelt to come to the aid of France in the present war. But there's not enough of a progressive vote in France to attract the colonel.—Gadsden Journal.

Cotton Raiser is the Goat.

The cotton raiser seems to be the "goat" in the business troubles brought on by the war. Not only is the market for this crop demoralized by the war, but the fertilizer markets can get no more kaint from Germany for the raising of the next crop.—Midland City Progress.

WANTS SPELLING BEE.

Editor Eagle:
A few days ago mention was made of an old time Blue Back Spelling Bee during the Teachers' Institute, which will be held here this week. I have heard nothing else of it. Will someone who can do so let us know through the press if it is a certainty or not. Surely the public wants a spelling bee and would profit by one.

Some ten years ago a spelling bee was held in the W. O. W. hall and Dr. M. S. Davis gave out the words, Webster's Blue Back being the official book from which the words were taken.

There were about twenty-five or thirty scholars on each side. Baker started the wheel to rolling. First one, then another sat down, until finally the only ones left standing were Mrs. Davis and a gentleman. I have forgotten his name. The doctor gave out every word he could find that he thought would catch them, even "Incomprehensibility" had no effect upon the two. Finally, on a last resort, straws were drawn and Mrs. Davis won the prize. We want another one just as good, if not better than that one. Are we going to get it or not?

W. C. H.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Atlanta and St. Andrews Bay Railway begs to announce to the public that effective September 1, 1914, agent at Dothan, Ala. will sell through tickets to all destinations and check baggage through to such destination.

For information as to rates, schedules, etc., apply to ticket agent, Dothan, Ala.

L. J. HOWELL.

Gen. Pass. Agent.

PYTHAGORAS LODGE

(No. 659, A. E. & A. M.)

There will be a regular communication of Pythagoras Lodge No. 659 Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. All qualified brethren cordially invited to be with us.

By order of the Worshipful Master.

S. LESINSKY.

Secretary.

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The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I

A Call in the Night

There are few things darker than a country road at night, particularly if one does not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a known path; no matter how dark it is, one is able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, in the days when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limbo, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunt-nose barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.

"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the horses' heads, sir, let alone the road. I've blown out the lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."

The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving Beelzebub's coach in the bottomless pit. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of mild suffocation.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cherub!" Cried the Old Maid.

carriage lurched on two wheels. The man in the carriage balanced himself carefully, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed. His arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver. When the carriage drew up at its journey's end the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place:

MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL.

The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He seized the ancient knocker and struck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage. He whistled.

"Off with you!"

"That's a good word, sir. Maybe you can make your train."

"Do you think you could find this place again?"

"You couldn't get me on this pike again, sir, for a thousand; not me!"

The door slammed and the unknown knacker against the cushions. He took out his handkerchief and wiped damp perspiration from his forehead. The horse was off his

mind. Whatever happened in the future, they would never be able to get him through his heart. So much for the folly of his youth.

It was a quarter after ten. Miss Susan Farlow had just returned to the reception room from her father's study of the upper hall to see if all her charges were in bed, where the rules of the school confined them after 9:30. It was at this moment that she heard the thunderous knocking at the door. The old maid felt her heart stop beating for a moment. Who could it be, at this time of night? Then the thought came swiftly that perhaps the parent of some one of her charges was ill and this was the summons. Still, her fears, she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Who is it?" she called.

No one answered. She cupped her hand to her ear. She could hear the clatter of horses' hooves.

"Well!" she exclaimed; rather angrily, too.

She was in the act of closing the door when the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.

"Good heavens, it's a child!"

She picked the bundle up. A whimper came from it, a weak little whimper of protest. She ran back to the reception room. A fountaining! And on her doorstep! It was incredible! What in the world should she do? It would create a scandal and hurt the prestige of the school. Some one had mistaken her select private school for a farmhouse. It was frightful.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its rosy mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.

"Why, you cherub!" cried the old maid, a strange turmoil in her heart. She caught the child to her breast, and then for the first time noticed the chick envelope pinned to the child's cloak. She put the baby into a chair and broke open the envelope.

"Name this child Florence Gray. I will send annually a liberal sum for her support and maintain her on her eighteenth birthday. The other half of the enclosed bracelet will identify me. Treat the girl well, for I shall watch over her in secret."

Into the fixed routine of her humdrum life had come a mystery, a tantalizing, fascinating mystery. She had read of foundlings left on doorsteps—from paper covered novels confiscated from her pupils—but that one should be placed upon her own respectable doorstep! Suddenly she scolded down at the child and the child smiled back. And there was nothing more to be done except to bow before the decrees of fate. Like all grim old maids, her heart was full of unrequited romance, and here was something she might spend its floods upon without let or hindrance. Already she was hoping that the man or woman who had left it might never come back.

The child grew. Regularly each year, upon a certain date, Miss Farlow received a registered letter with money. These letters came from all parts of the world; always the same sum, always the same line—"I am watching."

Thus seventeen years passed; and to Susan Farlow each year seemed shorter than the one before. For she loved the child with all her heart. She had not trained young girls all these years without becoming adept in the art of reading the true signs of breeding. There was no ordinary blood in Florence; the fact was emphasized by her exquisite face, her small hands and feet, her spirit and gentleness. And now, at any day, some one with a broken bracelet might come for her. As the days went on the heart of Susan Farlow grew heavy.

"Never mind, aunty," said Florence; "I shall always come back to see you." She meant it, poor child; but how was she to know the terrors which lay beyond the horizon?

The house of Stanley Hargrave, in Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargrave was. There were rare lapidaries and Saraks on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. He shrugged at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked from the room, frowning slightly. The but-

ler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargrave.

"Yes, sir."

Hargrave stared into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind it.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Some day I shall need you."

"My life has always been at your disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargrave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would walk till he grew tired, hail a taxicab, and take a run up and down Broadway. The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 18 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargrave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle. The bewildering display of lights, however, in no wise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and strolled undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the dismissal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repeat for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested bidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perloff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, paid in an unusual way. It pleased her.

"The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of sitting upon one subject and think-

ing upon another at the same time. So while he talked glibly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of radium, and it was through and by those that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette he was looking into the wall mirror. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently. His head still turned.

"Stanley Hargrave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princesses.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargrave. The two shook hands cordially, for the older man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been waiting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargrave in the mirror had brought about that metallic gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once, my fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to slap these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"Now you're making fun of me. For one king there are always twenty black legions ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargrave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."

The introductions were made. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princesses nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The luck of the devil's own," he said. "Child of the Steppes, for years I've flown about seas and continents through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left. At first glance I wasn't sure; but the sound of his voice was enough. Olga, the next time you see that reporter, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. What did I tell you? Without Norton's help I would not have been sure. I'm going to leave you at your apartment."

"The man of the Black Hundred?" she whispered.

"The man who deserted and defied the Black Hundred, who broke his vows, and never paid a kopeck for the privilege; the man who has been appointed for the supreme work and who ran away. In these days we need men of his stamp, and to accomplish this end."

"There was a woman," she interrupted, with a touch of bitterness.

"Always the woman. And she was as clever and handsome as you are."

"Thanks, sometimes."

"Ah, yes! Ironically. 'Sometimes you wish you could settle down, marry and have a family! Your domesticity would last about a month.'"

She made no reply because she recognized the truth of this statement.

"There's an emerald I know of," he said ruminatively. "It's quite possible that you may be wearing it with a few days."

"I am mad over them. There is

something in the air—a tone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were orientals. Here we are. I'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Goodnight."

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any jewel. She knew him to be a great and daring rogue, cunning, patient, fearless. Packed away in that mind of his there were a thousand accomplished deeds which had roused fully the police of two continents. Braine! She could have laughed. The very name he had chosen was an insolence directed at society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A night of stairs carried him into a dimly lighted hall, smelling evilly of escaping gas. He donned a black mask and struck the door with a series of light blows; two, then one, then three, and again one. The door opened and he slipped inside. Round a table sat several men, also masked. They were all tried and trusted rogues; but not one of them

know what Braine looked like. He alone remained unknown save to the man designated as the chief, who was only Braine's lieutenant. The mask was the insignia of the Black Hundred, an organization with all the ramifications of the Camorra without their abiding stupidity. From the assassination of a king, down to the robbery of a country post office, nothing was too great or too small for their nets. Their god, devil in the hearts of all men and in evil greed.

The ordinary business over, the chief dismissed the men, and he and Braine alone remained.

"Vroom, I have found him," said Braine.

"There are but few; which one?"

"Eighteen years ago, in St. Petersburg."

"I remember. The millionaire's son. Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know. Probably he did. But he always had good nerves. He is being followed at this moment. We shall strike quick; for if he recognized me he will act quick. He is cool and brave. You remember how he braved us that night in Russia. Jumped boldly through the window at the risk of breaking his neck. He landed safely; that is the only reason he eluded us. Millions—and they slipped through our fingers. If I could only find some route to his heart! The lure we held out to him is dead."

"Or in the fortress, which is the same thing. What are your plans?"

"I have in mind something like this."

And Hargrave was working out his plans, too; and he was just as much of a general as Braine. He sat at his library table, the maxillary muscles in his jaws working. So they had found him? Well, he had broken the law of his own making and he must suffer the consequences. Braine, who was Stenishkov in Russia, Schwartz in Germany, Mendoza in Spain, Cortez in Italy, and Du Bois in France; no the rogue had found him out? Poor fool that he had been! High spirited, full of those youthful dreams of doing good in the world, he had joined what he had believed a great secret and noble movement, to learn that he had been trapped by a band of brilliant thieves. Kidnapers and assassins for hire; the Black Hundred; hands from Tokyo! For nearly eighteen years he had eluded them, for he knew that directly or indirectly they would never cease to hunt for him; and an idea which had toppled him into their clutches.

He wrote several letters feverishly. The last was addressed to Miss Susan Farlow and read: Dear Madam; Send Florence Gray to New York, to arrive here Friday morning. My half of the bracelet will be identification. Inclosed find cash to square accounts. He would get together all his available funds, recover his child, and fly to the ends of the world. He would tire them out. They would find that the peaceful doc was a bad animal to possess. He was for the faithful Jones.

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THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Continued from Page Three.

"Murphy, you watch this man while I make a call on the neighbors," said the officer who seemed to be in authority. When he returned he was frowning seriously. "We'd better telephone to the precinct to search for Danison. There's nobody at home in either house and there's nobody back of the billboards. Until the man," when this was done, the officer said: "Now, tell us what's happened, and don't forget any of the details."

Jones told a simple and convincing story; it was so simple and convincing that the police believed it without question.

"Well, if that ain't the limit! Did you hear any autos outside?"

"I don't recollect," said Jones, stretching his legs gratefully. "Why?"

"The auto bandits hold up a bank messenger today and got away with twenty thousand. Whenever a man draws down a big sum they seem to know about it. And say, Murphy, call up and have the river police look out for a new-fangled alibi. Your minister may have been rescued," turning to Jones.

"If I were only sure of that, sir!"

When the police took themselves off Jones proceeded to act upon those plans laid down by Hargrave early that night. When this was done he sought his bed and fell asleep, the sleep of the exhausted. When Hargrave picked up Jones to share his bed, he had put his trust in no ordinary man.

A dozen reporters trooped out to the Hargrave home, only to find it deserted. And while they were ringing bells and tapping windows, the man they sought was tramping up and down the platform of the railway station.

Through all this time Norton, the reporter, Hargrave's only friend, slept the sleep of the just and unjust. He rarely opened his eyes before noon.

Gray after group of passersby Jones eyed eagerly. Often, just as he was in the act of approaching a couple of young women, some man would step up and there would be kisses and handshakes. At length the crowd thinned, and then it was that he discovered a young girl perhaps eighteen, accompanied by a young woman in the early thirties. They had the appearance of eagerly awaiting some one. Jones stepped forward with a good deal of diffidence.

"You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes," said the older woman, coldly. "A broken bracelet!"

The distrust on both faces vanished instantly. The young girl's face brightened, her eyes sparkled with suppressed excitement.

"You are my father?"

"No, miss," very gravely. "I am the butler."

"Let me see your part of the bracelet," said the young girl's guardian, a teacher who had been assigned to his delicate task by Miss Farlow, who could not bring herself to say good-by to Florence anywhere except at the school gates.

The butler was produced and examined.

"I believe we may trust him, Florence."

"Let us hurry to the station. We must not stand here."

"My mother?"

"She is dead. I believe she died shortly after your birth. I have been with your father but fourteen years. I know but little of his life prior to that."

"Why did he leave me all these years without ever coming to see me?"

"It is not for me, Miss Florence, to inquire into your father's act. But I do know that whatever he did was done for the best. Your welfare was everything to him."

"It is all very strange," said the girl, bewilderedly. "Why didn't he come to meet me instead of you?"

Jones stared at his hands, miserably.

"Why?" she demanded. "I have thought of him, thought of him. He has hurt me with all this neglect. I expected to see him at the station, to throw my arms around his neck and forgive him!" Tears swam in her eyes as she spoke.

"Everything will be explained to you when we reach the house. But always remember this, Miss Florence: You were everything in this wide world to your father. You will never know the misery and loneliness he suffered that you might not have one hour of sweet. What are your plans?" he asked abruptly of the teacher from Miss Farlow's.

"That depends," she answered, laying her hand protectively over the girl's.

"You could leave Miss Farlow's on the moment?"

"Yes."

"Then you will stay and be Miss Florence's companion?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is my father's name?"

"Hargrave, Stanley Hargrave."

The girl's eyes widened in terror. Suddenly she burst into a wild frenzy of sobbing, her hand against the throat of her erstwhile teacher.

Jones appeared visibly shocked.

"We read the story in the newspaper," said the older woman, her own eyes filling with tears. "The poor child! To have all her castle-in-the-air tumble down like that! But what authority have you to engage me?" miserably.

Jones produced a document, dictated by Hargrave, and illustrated and sealed by a notary, in which it was set forth that Stanley Hargrave, butler and valet to Stanley Hargrave, had full powers of attorney in the event of his (Hargrave's) disappearance; in the event of his death, till Florence became of legal age.

Said Jones as he put the document back in his pocket: "What is your name?"

"Susan Wane."

"Do you love this child?"

"With all my heart, the poor unhappy baby!"

"Thank you!"

Inside the home he conducted them through the various rooms, at the same time telling them what had taken place during the preceding night.

"They have not found his body?" asked Florence. "My poor, poor father!"

"No."

"Then he may be alive?"

"Jones God that he may!" said the butler, with genuine pity, for he had loved the man who had gone forth into the night so bravely and so strangely. "This is your room. Your father spent many happy hours here preparing it for you."

Tears came into the girl's eyes again, and discreetly Jones left the two alone.

"What shall I do, Susan? Whatever shall I do?"

"Do brave as you always are. I will never leave you till you find your father."

Florence kissed her fervently. "What is your opinion of the butler?"

"I think we may both trust him absolutely."

Then Florence began exploring the house. Susan followed her closely. Florence peered behind the mirrors, the pictures, in the drawers of the desk, in the bookcases.

"What are you hunting for, child?"

"A photograph of father." But she found none. More, there were no photographs of any kind to be found in Stanley Hargrave's home.

When Norton awoke, he naturally went to the door for the morning papers which were always placed in a neat pile before the sill. He yawned, gathered up the bundle, was about to climb back into bed, when a head-bine caught his dull vision. Twenty-one minutes later, to be precise, he ran up the steps of the Hargrave home and rang the bell. He was admitted by the butler Jones, to whom the reporter had never paid any particular attention. Somehow Jones always managed to stand in shadows.

"I can add nothing to what has already appeared in the newspapers," replied Jones, as Norton opened his batteries of inquiries.

"Mr. Jones, I have known your master several years, as you will recollect. There never was a woman in this house, not even among the servants. Where are they? And what are they doing here?"

Jones shook his head.

"Well, I can easily find out."

Jones barred his path, and for the first time Norton gazed into the eyes of the man servant. They were as hard as gun metal.

"My dear Mr. Jones, you ought to know that sooner or later we reporters find out what we seek."

Jones appeared to reflect. "Mr. Norton, you claim to be a friend of Mr. Hargrave's?"

"I do not claim. I am. More than that I do not believe he is dead. He was deep. He had some relentless enemies—I don't know where from or

your newspaper?" Jones was visibly agitated.

"Not if I can prove it."

"If I tell you who those young ladies are, will you give me your word of honor not to write about them till I give you permission?"

Norton, having in mind the big story at the end of this mystery tangle, agreed.

"The elder is a teacher from a private school; the other is Stanley Hargrave's daughter."

"Good Lord!" gasped the astonished reporter. "He never mentioned the fact to me," and we've been together in many tight places."

"He never mentioned it to any one but me," Jones again seemed to reflect. At last he raised his glance to the reporter. "Are you willing to wait for a great story, the real story?"

"If there is one," answered Norton with his usual caution.

"On my word of honor, you shall have such a story as you never dreamt of, if you will promise not to divulge it till the appointed time."

"I agree."

"The peace and happiness of that child depends upon how you keep your word."

That was sufficient for Norton. "Your master knew me. He knew also that I am not a man who promises lightly. Now introduce me to the daughter."

With plain reluctance Jones went about the affair. Norton put a dozen perfunctory questions to the girl. What he was in search of was not news but the sound of her voice. In that quarter of an hour he felt his heart disturbed as he had never before been disturbed.

"Now, Mr. Norton," said Jones gloomily, "will you be so kind as to follow me?"

Norton was led to Jones' bedroom. The butler-valet closed the door and drew the window shade. Always smiling windows. This did not impress the reporter at the time; he had no other thought but the story. Jones then sat down beside the reporter and talked in an undertone. When he had done he took Norton by the elbow and gently but firmly led him down to the front door and ushered him forth. Norton jumped into his taxicab and returned to his rooms, which were at the top of the huge apartment hotel. He immediately called up his managing editor.

"Hello! This is Norton. Put Griffin on the Hargrave yarn. I'm off on another deal."

"But Hargrave was a friend of yours?" protested the managing editor.

"I know it. But you know me well enough, Mr. Blair. I should not ask the transfer if it was not vitally important."

"O, very well."

"We shouldn't be squeamish."

"If you can promise that I don't care who works on the job. Will you be in the office tonight?"

"If nothing prevents me."

"Well, good-by."

Norton filled his pipe, drew his chair to the window, and stared at the great liner going down to sea.

"Lord, Lord!" he murmured. Then he smiled and chuckled. Some bright morning he would have all New York at the cars, the police running round in circles, and the chiefs of the rival gangs tearing their hair. What a story! Four columns on the first page, and two whole pages Sunday.

And all of a sudden he ceased to smile and chuckled.

In the living room of the Princess Olga, Perigee's apartment, the mistress lay reading on the divan. There was no change between her well-shaped legs, for she was not the accepted type of adventuress; she was really the Princess Perigee. Her maiden name had been Olga Pashkin; but more of that later.

When Dralme came in he found her dreaming with half-closed eyes. He dozed on an evening newspaper.

"Olga, even the best of us make mistakes. Here, just glance over this."

The Russian accepted the newspaper and read the heading indicated. Eagerly he picked up far out at sea. Olga's cabaret from tramp steamer. Had he thousands in cash in his pockets?

"Hargrave escaped?"

"Not necessarily," she replied. "If it was Hargrave he would have had more than five thousand in his pocket. My child, I believe it is an attempt to fool you; or it is another snare entirely." She clicked her teeth at the top of her polished nails.

"There are two young women in the house. What the deuce can that mean?"

"Two young women? O! then everything is as simple as daylight. Katina Pashkin, my cousin, had a child."

"Child? Hargrave had a child?"

"That do you mean by keeping this 'fact' from me?" he stormed.

"It was a mess all this morning. He really sent for her yesterday; but in his effort to escape had to turn her over to his butler. We shall soon learn whether Hargrave is dead or alive. We can use the child to bring him back."

The anger went out of his eyes. "You're a wonder, Olga."

"But you should have gone with Green last night. He does everything but as you tell him. When they reported that Hargrave had visited Olga's hanger you ought to have prepared against such a coup as this

through the air."

"I might it. For a daughter! Well, I can bring him back," with a sinister laugh. "By the Lord, Harry, I have him in my hands this time, that is, if this girl turns out to be his daughter. A million? Two, three, all he has in the world. I want you to pay a visit right away. Watch the butler, Jones. He'll lie, of course; but note how he treats the girl; and if you get the chance look around the walls for a secret panel. He might not have carried away the cash at all, only enough for his immediate needs, which would prevent for that five thousand on the man picked up at sea. If I could only get inside that house for an hour!"

"I believe I'll call at once. Leo, was Hargrave the man's real name?"

Bralme laughed. "That is of no vital consequence. He will be Hargrave till the end of the chapter, dead or alive. You can tell me the news at dinner tonight."

So, later, when the butler accepted her card at the door, both as he might be, there was nothing for him to do but admit her.

"Whom do you wish to see, madam?" stepping back into the shadow.

"Miss Hargrave. I'm an old friend of her mother's."

"There is no such person here."

"To whom, then, does this but belong?" she asked quietly. She waved her hand indolently toward the hall rack.

Jones' lips tightened. "That belongs to Miss Gray, a kind of protegee of Mr. Hargrave's."

"Indeed! You have no objections to my seeing her? My maiden name was Olga Pashkin, cousin to Katina, wife of Stanley Hargrave. I am, if you will, with the matter carefully, a kind of aunt."

To Jones it was as if he had suddenly come into contact with his heart's blood. But as he still stood in the shadow, who did not observe the color of his face.

"If you will state exactly why you wish to see her, madam."

"You seem to possess authority?"

"Yes, madam, absolute authority." Jones produced his document and presented it to her.

"There is no flaw in that," she agreed readily. "I wish to see the child. I have told you why."

"Very well, madam." Why had they not telegraphed the child, even on the train, to return to Farlow's. He knew nothing of this woman, whether she was an enemy or a friend. He conducted his unwelcome guest into the library.

"How did you know that she was here?" suddenly.

But she was ready. "I did not. But the death of Mr. Hargrave brought me. And that youthful but in the hall was a story all its own. Later I shall show you some papers of my own. You will have no cause to doubt them. They have not the legal power of yours, but they would find standing in any court."

Jones turned and went in search of Florence.

The princess lost no time in beginning her investigations, but she wasted her time. There was no secret panel in evidence.

"Who is she?" asked Florence as she looked at the card. "Did my father know princesses?"

"Yes," said Jones briefly. "Be very careful what you say to her. Admit nothing. She claims to be a cousin of our mother. Perhaps."

"My mother?" Without waiting for my further advice from Jones, whom Florence in her young years thought, assuming upon his authority, she ran downstairs to the library. Her mother, to learn some fact about the mother of whom she knew nothing!

"You knew my mother?" she cried without ceremony.

He heard the princess say: "I did, my child; and heaven is witness that you are the exact picture of her at your age. And I knew your father."

Jones straightened, his hands shut tightly.

"Tell me about my father?"

The princess smiled. It was Katina Pashkin come to life, the same impulsive, "I know him but slightly. I was a mere child myself when he used to pinch my cheeks. I met him again the other night, but he did not recognize me; and I could not find it in my heart to awaken his memory in a public restaurant."

Presently Jones came in to announce that two detectives requested to see Florence. The two men entered, informing her that they had been instructed to investigate the disappearance of Stanley Hargrave.

"Who are you, miss?"

"I am his daughter."

"Ah!"

One of the detectives questioned Florence minutely while the other wandered about the rooms, feeling the walls, using the magnifying glass, turning back the rugs. Even the girl's pretty room did not escape his scrutiny. By and by he returned to the library and beckoned to his companion. "The two conferred for a moment. One glanced to look into the mirror. He saw the bright eyes of the princess gazing intelligently into his.

"I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to accompany us to the station, miss."

"Why?"

"Some technicalities. We must have some proof of your right to be in

here. But I cannot have it. They, Hargrave was unmarried. It will take but a few minutes."

"And I will accompany you," said the princess. "We'll be back within half an hour. I'll tell them what I know."

Jones, in the hall, caught sight of the reporter coming up the steps. Here was some one he could depend upon.

"Why, Mr. Norton?"

The reporter eyed the princess in amazement.

"You look surprised. Naturally, I am a cousin of Miss Florence's mother. You might say that I am her aunt. It's a small world, isn't it?" But if whirling could poison, the reporter would have died that moment.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" one of the detectives demanded.

"I am going to ask that very question of you," said Norton urbanely.

"We are from headquarters," replied one, showing his badge.

"What headquarters? What are they asking you to do?" he said to Florence.

"They say I must go to the police station with them."

"Not the least in the world," laughed the reporter. "You two clear out of here as fast as your rascally legs can



"Tell Me About My Father."

carry you. I don't know what you game is, but I do know every reputable detective in New York, and you don't belong."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the princess; "do you mean to say that these men are not real detectives?"

"This girl goes to the police station young man. So much the worse for you if you meddle. Take yourself off!"

"Ah in good time."

"Here, Jennifer, you take charge of the girl. I'll handle this guy. He shall go to the station, too."

What followed would always be vividly remembered by Florence, from the peace and happiness of her school life. Norton knelt on his knees and the room seemed full of legs and arms and pointing men. A foot tripped up Norton and he went down under the bureau. He never suspected that the tripping foot was not accidental. It was too busy.

The other man dragged Florence toward the hall, but there the peacekeeper entered into the field of action with a very unattractive automatic. The detective threw up his hands.

A trick of the-fits brought about the downfall of Norton's brain, and Norton ran out into the hall to aid Jones. He searched the detective's pockets and secured the revolver. The result of all this was that the two bogus detectives soon found themselves in charge of two policemen, and they were marched off to the station.

"Your advent was most providential, Mr. Norton," said Jones in his usual colorless tones.

"I rather believe so. Why don't you pack up and clear out for a while?"

"I am stronger in this house than elsewhere," answered the butler enigmatically.

"Well, you know best," said the reporter.

The princess was breathing rapidly. No, on record thought she had no wish to throw her arms about the reporter's neck and kiss him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Series of "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in The Dothan Eagle every Saturday. Read them.

Success Schemes.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—James A. Garfield.

WANTED—To rent for next year, a farm of 40 to 100 acres within 1 to 2 miles of city. Address W. J. C. 317 W. Burdeshaw street, City.

"Let Us Have Peace"

Editor Eagle:

In view of the construction my pastor, Dr. H. H. McNeill, put on my letter of Saturday signed "A Disciple," as indicated by his manner of referring to it, Sunday evening, and fearing that those men of Dothan who do not recognize and acknowledge the sovereignty of the Prince of Peace, through His Spirit in the affairs of men now as in the past, when He was able to stem the tide of human passion and lawlessness by the power of His omnipotent will until His work should be completed, may have also placed a wrong construction on my letter, the Spirit prompts me to again ask a place in your columns.

As God is my witness, and knowing that I have His complete approval, the motive which prompted my first letter was as pure as the motives of the Master were pure and fearing that some one would be misled by errors which I acknowledge I have committed in the past, in constraining my motives, I was impressed to withhold my name. Hoping now to serve in the Master's work and to be a humble instrument in the salvation of this city, which I love as I have loved no other, I am impressed to sign my name to this article, thus acknowledging His great love to me in giving me a commission to speak in His name. In His name I am now speaking and I call on all people in this city of Dothan who profess His name to come out and acknowledge His ability and willingness to correct the unhealthy moral and spiritual conditions if His people only believe, for He said "Ask and ye shall receive." Let the professed Christians of this town believe this promise literally, accept it as it is given, or they must accuse Jesus the Christ of falsehood.

This brings me now to my conception of the reason for the existing unwholesome (unholy) moral and social conditions with which our city is afflicted, namely: The disposition on the part of our churches, from pulpit to pew, to attempt to bring about the desired reforms through man-devised means; and the apparent inclination to forget the infinite power of the Holy Spirit in the every day affairs of men.

I acknowledge the truthfulness of the declaration of conditions in Dothan as set forth by Dr. McNeill. I bring my head in shame while he so vividly described the debauched condition of our social life. Would to God he could have painted a picture diametrically opposite and been as truthful. But the lamentable fact is that his statements were true as numbers of men in Dothan know. Once I would have joined a committee of citizens in a movement to correct these conditions by material means: would have voted to resort to the courts of law to remove houses that cover the dens of vice and would have raided the gambling and liquor resorts of the city, destroying their contents and jailing their keepers, so great was my indignation and wrath that these deadly, polluting sores should defile this my adopted city.

But now, very recently, I have seen a new light. I have beheld His star in the east and have heard His gentle voice saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men; and no longer would I fight fire with fire; no longer would I return evil for evil; no longer would I go into the civil courts to force men to think right in their hearts; no longer would I bring the overt sinner to a so-called bar of justice and demand that he be punished; for should the Master through His Spirit say to me, 'If you are without sin, cast the first stone.' I would be forced to hang my head in shame and leave my brother, the other sinner, untouched."

Fellow Christians of Dothan, do not forget our courts of law, for the unworthy political schemes have resorted to to help the Master who is omnipotent and does not need our help; forget our desire for vengeance, "for vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; forget our love of money, houses, stocks, and mortgages; forget the other man's sin; remember in sack-cloth and ashes our own; forget our assumed superiority and our Pharisaism; and let us in faith take our position to the feet of the Master, believing that He can and will clean its putrid sores, bind up its wounds and make it whole and holy!

In my heart of hearts, I can find no trace of ill-will towards my fellow worker, Dr. McNeill, for the applications applied to the author of the article in your Saturday's paper referred to above. I freely grant him the privilege of criticizing the article just as he may desire. I was praying at the time that he might be so filled with the Spirit of the meek and lowly but omnipotent Christ, that every man and woman under the sound of his voice would have gone out into this town with a message of love and helpfulness for those who know not the Master and who find their delight in debauching themselves and their fellows! I am still praying that prayer as I give this message to these people whom I love.

If there are ten righteous men in this city, God will save it from its sins, if these righteous men ask it believing. Jesus, the Christ, said it, not I. The Spirit will strike conviction into the soul of every unclean man and woman in this town, if five righteous men ask it believing. Jesus, the Christ said it, not I. We must acknowledge the truthfulness of these propositions, or admit that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth are not applicable to this age, although He said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Therefore, people of Dothan, let us with one accord, pray that the Prince of Peace may speedily come and reign over us! Let us who acknowledge His sovereignty, place ourselves completely, entirely in His hands, and beseech Him that He give us courage to go to the people who do not acknowledge Him and show them the "Way, the Truth, and the Life." Let us impress Him that His mind may take the place of our weak, finite minds and that His heart which knows only compassionate love may take the place of our poor, sinful hearts, and then nothing can resist us, and the powers of darkness will flee before the majesty of His Holiness!

I am not to be in Dothan long, only two more days, but I will meet any and all fellow disciples anywhere, any time while I am here, for the specific purpose of placing this momentous question at the feet of the Master, or going to the footstools with His restoring love.

In His name,
L. G. BIGGERS.

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"Here, Just Glance Over This."

NOTICE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

BEGINNING September 1st. I am going to ask all my customers to pay cash for repairs, parts, oil and gasoline. By doing so I will be enabled to devote the time now taken up with collect ons to giving you still better service. I will consider it a special favor and believe you will be willing to co-operate with me in giving you better service.

These terms will not apply to Bicycles, Indian Motocycles and Fairbanks-Morse Gas Engines which may still be bought on easy terms if desired.

E. C. CUMBIE
THE BICYCLE MAN
SOUTH ST. ANDREWS STREET

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The Dothan Market
UP IN DIXIE
QUALITY QUANTITY PROMPTNESS
Once a Customer, Always a Customer.
Telephone 484

A Preacher's Partisan Prayer.
It is difficult for the fervent partisan to avoid politics, even in the pulpit. There are those, too, who never try. Among them was Father Taylor, the Boston sailor-preacher. He was once conducting a Sunday morning service a few days before the state elections, and he took the opportunity of offering up a fervent prayer that a man might be chosen for governor who would rule in the fear of God, who would never be afraid of the face of day, who would defeat the ring leaders of corruption, who would defy his own party if it yielded to wire pullers, who— Suddenly Father Taylor paused. Then he brought his prayer to an abrupt conclusion. "O, Lord," he exclaimed, "what's the use of boxing the compass in this way? Give us George N. Briggs for governor. Amen!"

Fire Extinguisher.
It was quite by accident that the discovery was made that ammonia would extinguish burning oil. A bottle of ammonia saved a family great loss by fire. The gasoline stove sprung a leak and the fluid caught fire, spreading rapidly. One of the older children coming into the room could not reach the sink and get water to throw over the blaze as he thought ought to be done, but had enough presence of mind to pour over it the contents of an ammonia bottle that stood near. As it happened, it was the very best thing he could have done, as it quickly extinguished the fire which water could not do. Now the family keeps ammonia on hand as a two-quart sealed jar, anticipating the time when it may be needed again for the same purpose.

Almost Floored Singer.
Mrs. Newly-Riche had been invited to an exclusive private musicale at the home of one of the socially elect. It was her first appearance in the coveted circle and she was anxious to testify her presence among aristocrats in music lovers by seeming well informed in matters musical. So she ventured a remark when all had become still, after the polite applause for the beautiful singing of the baritone star of the occasion. Leaning toward him eagerly and making herself as conspicuous as possible, she said: "Oh, Signor Desponsa, I am so interested in the English composers; won't you please sing something by Sir John L. Sullivan?"

Stage Galls.
"Parsifal" is interesting, quite apart from its artistic merit, as having had a musical instrument invented for it, and named after it. The reproduction of the sound of church bells in opera was long a difficulty. Real bells simply drowned the orchestra, and all substitutes were tried in vain until Doctor Moti designed the Parsifal bell instrument, somewhat on the principle of the grand piano. Each of its five notes has six strings, which are struck by large hammers covered with cotton wool. And the result is as near to the solemn sound of church bells as the theater has been able to get.

English Soap Clubs.
"Soap clubs held here," is the notice in a shop window in Soho, London. On inquiry it was found that the clubs were similar to the hat and feather clubs which abound in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. The money is pooled together every week for soap, and there is a draw who shall have it first. You may be lucky and get your soap the first week you join the club, or you may have to wait three months. But a glance at Soho waiting for soap suggests that it is not such a terrible hardship as it appears at first sight.

How Emotion Affects the Heart.
Violent physical exertion of any kind quickens the heart beats. Strong emotion has the same effect. Intense anger may increase the heart's labor from 150 pounds per minute to 225 pounds. Under such a strain the heart of an animal has been known to literally break, causing almost instant death.

FOR SALE—One liver pided male bird puppy, 5 months old, unrated. Address box 406, Columbia, Ala.

FOR SALE: Seven resident houses, a grocery store, 30 acres of fine farm land, some beautiful vacant lots, Headland Avenue fronts; 18 different breeds of fancy poultry, 4 fine bull dogs, 2 milk cows, a reg. herd of Duroc Jersey swine; some real bargains. Come and see. Call or write The Flowers Farm, C. W. Flowers, Mgr., Phone 522, Route 2, Dothan, Ala.

HELP THE ORPHANS.
There will be the biggest picnic ever held in the South on September 5th, out at Mr. Edward's Dairy west of town. The picnic will be held in a beautiful oak grove and will be for the benefit of the colored orphans home. The Troy band will furnish music and everybody, both white and colored, are invited.
Only a few more days to wait till September 5th.
Remember there were many bright faces started out the best of January now sleeping in the clay. Come and help the orphans.
G. G. DUDLEY,
President and Founder.

No. 666
This is a prescription prepared especially for **MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER.** Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then a tonic the fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Colocel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

Mr. P. F. Williams and family of Pensacola, are in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Williams.

Miss Carrie Belle Watson of Pensacola, is in the city visiting Miss Ima Williams.

BROCKETT SECURES IMPORTANT POSITION
Mr. James Brockett, who has been connected with a local fertilizer company for some time has accepted a position with the law department of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. After September 7th Mr. Brockett will be private secretary to George W. Jones, of the L. & N. law department, a place to which he was appointed last week.—Montgomery Advertiser.

The friends of Jim Brockett are glad to see him promoted as he lived here for some time and has many friends to wish him well.

DOTHAN CHAPTER NO. 112 R. A. M.

Regular convocations held on 2nd and 4th Friday nights. Visiting companions accorded a warm welcome.

Chester W. Newton, H. P.
S. Lienby, Secretary.

DOTHAN LODGE 406 A. F. & A. M.

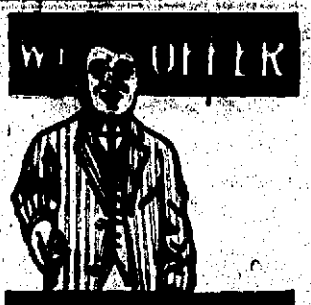
Regular communications held on second Saturday afternoon and Thursday night. Visiting brethren are extended a cordial invitation to meet with us.
J. S. Conner, W. M.
G. A. Scott, Secretary.

DOTHAN CAMP NO. 128. W. O. W.
Meets second and fourth Tuesday nights over Nix's Drug Store. All qualified Sovereigns are invited to meet with us.
H. K. Martin, C. O.
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To the discriminating Real Estate Buyer this office offers exceptional opportunities for securing excellent properties—CHEAP—examine this list of our present offerings:

—0—
80 acres 2 miles from Dothan on new Campbellton road. 30 acres open, water all the year round. Worth \$20 an acre; can sell at \$1100.00 cash.

—103—
40 acres one and a half miles S. W. of Pansey, 30 acres open, 2 room house. Fine land and level. \$800.00

—104—
205 acres of fine land 12 miles west of Dothan, four or five miles north of Malvern. Three horse farm open, good new dwelling and three tenant houses. Price \$3300.00 with \$400.00 cash and balance in six annual payments with 7 per cent interest. Place is easily worth four thousand dollars.

—107—
237 acres right near Sigma on C. of Ga. Ry. 180 acres open, well improved. Can sell for \$16.00 per acre. Might cut this up if desired.

—108—
103 acres one and a half miles east of Cowarts on railroad, 90 acres open. One six room dwelling, one tenant house and two barns. Lies level and located on High Springs road. Good bargain at \$25 an acre.

—109—
40 acres seven and a half miles west of Dothan, one and a half miles from graded road, 31 acres open, four room house. Price \$900.00.

—114—
100 acres 5 miles south of Newton most of land has been in cultivation but grown up in pines. No improvements. Very fine pasture land, \$550, one half cash and balance in 12 months with 8 per cent interest. lies.

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FOR RENT: 2 story residence on South Oates street. Possession Sept. 1. C. A. Hammond. 21f

FOR RENT—3 nice rooms in a six room flat with bath, toilet and all other modern conveniences, close in. W. C. Pilcher. 1f

STORE FOR RENT.
Store house now occupied by Seis Royal Blue Shoe Store. Possession September 1st. Apply to Sol Lurie 117f

For Sale

FOR SALE: 80 acres land mile and half southwest of Taylor, about 7 acres in cultivation, two settlements with good wells of water. Will also sell crop, stock and farm implements. Call on or write B. F. Dupree, Taylor. Rt. 1. 1a1

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—107—
50 acres of fine level land two miles S. E. of Dothan, joining the Gus Mullin place. About 50 acres open and very little that could not be put in cultivation. Biggest kind of a bargain at \$2750.00. Terms.

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80 acres three miles south of Dothan on graded road. 65 acres open six room dwelling and one tenant house. fine community to live. Price \$3250.00.

—47—
80 acres four miles west of Malvern, 38 acres open, four room painted house, fine level land and very cheap at \$2400.00.

—20—
80 acres 10 miles west of Dothan near Yancey Bracklin place, 60 acres in cultivation, two tenant houses. Price \$1300.00. Easy terms. Place is worth \$1800.00.

—45—
40 acres of good land seven miles west of Dothan on Hall's mill road, 20 acres open and all tillable but two or three acres. Would trade for new Ford automobile and pay the difference. Price \$600.00.

—18—
One house and 2 acre lot on graded road to Cottonwood, just outside of city limits, very level and pretty. Indifferent three room house. \$150.00

—106—
15 acres 2 1/2 miles west of Dothan on graded road, six acres open. Fine place for residence. Price \$900.00.

—101—
40 acres 2 miles west of Dothan on graded road, 30 acres in cultivation, and good five room house and barn, six acres of peach trees. Very cheap at \$3250.00.

—20—
40 acres mile and a half west of Dothan on graded road, 33 acres open and 7 acres in good pine timber. All level and fine land, no waste land whatever. Two room house and barn. Price \$3300.00 and terms.

—34—
520 acres of fine land 3 miles west of Malone, 175 acres open, one 4 room house and 3 tenant houses. \$12.50 an acre. Terms.

Don't hesitate to command us—you incur no obligation to buy when you ask us to show you our properties.

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We are now in a position to rework your old mattresses and make them over as good as new. Telephone 322. Dothan Mattress Factory.

FOR SALE—Everything I have from my farm to furniture. Must go at some price. O. E. Williams.

WANTED—You to watch the FORDS GO BY.

WANTED—Fat cattle, will pay the highest cash price. Dixie Market, Phone 378 and 445. 10 Ua

WOMEN—Self guaranteed hostelry to friends, neighbors and general wearers; 70 per cent profit; make \$10 daily; experience unnecessary. International Mills, West Philadelphia, Pa. 1st

We have a portable sky light that we can take right into your home and make a picture as good as if you came to the studio.
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FOR RENT—One 5 room and one 3 room dwelling. Apply 408 South Oates street. 1a1p

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We want 600 pounds of pork a week. DOTHAN MARKET, Phone 406.

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Toilet Water Etc.
There are None Others So Good.
I am exclusive Dothan dealer in these goods.

N. H. McCALLUM
Prescription Druggist
121 Phone 121

Money to Loan

I negotiate loans on improved farm lands, in Houston, Henry, Dale and Geneva counties. Low rate of interest with terms of payment to suit you anywhere from 4 years to 10 years.

R. P. Coleman
Dothan, Ala. 1a1p

We Handle Only Native Meats

Phone 378 or 445 for the choice of native meats and fresh fish. Prompt deliveries to all parts of the city.

Dixie Market

ANOTHER CURED
By **LIV-VER-LAX**

The City Commissioner of Terrell, Texas, a former Greenville citizen, writes:

"April 9, 1914.
"I take pleasure in saying for publication that by the use of Liv-Ver-Lax I have been cured of a disease which is correctly described by the recognized symptoms of Biliousness, Stomach and Liver Trouble, Constipation and resulting complications, and commend its use to all like sufferers."
George H. Jackson.

L. E. Griffith, witness.
Mr. Jackson, like hundreds of others, has discovered the beneficial results of Liv-Ver-Lax, the wonderful vegetable Liver Tonic. Harmless, safe for any child; has no injurious after-effects like cathartics. Pleasant to take; no nausea.
Take regularly and keep well. 50 cents and \$1.00 at druggists or from Lebanon Co-Operative Medicine Co., Lebanon, Tenn. adv

DR. J. M. STEVENS
Dental Surgeon,
Farmer Building
Telephone 220.

CLEANING AND PRESSING PROMPTLY DONE.
Phone 357 308 E. Main
C. W. McLENNY
Successor to Simmons & Co.

Are You a Woman?
Take Cardui
The Women's Friend
FOR SALE AT ALL

DOUGLAS BLACKBURN
SPECIALISTS
Dothan, Alabama,
Surgery, Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Women, Electro-Therapeutics, Eye, Nose and Throat.

Office: CHERRY BUILDING
Phone 508

BEST ICE CREAM.
3 Cakes for 5c.
—Fresh Every Day—
RED FRONT FIVE & TEN CENT STORE.

FAVORITE CAFE
Open All Night.

Regular Dinner 15c
Sunday Dinners 50c
Only American Cafe in the City.

WOOD & JERKINS
Proprietors.
Phone 421.

DR. M. J. FLYNN
Dentist.

Office: Farmer Building.

CITY MARKET
T. W. McKnight,
Proprietor.

Phone your orders to 320 for the best of fresh Meats and Fish. Prompt service a specialty.

East Main St.

If You Want to Know How to Beautify Your Complexion

- to rid yourself of wrinkles
- to eradicate skin blemishes
- to bring the glow of health to your cheeks—

Don't Fail to Talk with Miss Hardy

Dothan's Noted Beauty Specialist

Miss Hardy will give free personal advice and a few free facial massages in your own home. Telephone us. **THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT** Hear in mind—Miss Hardy will be at our store a whole week commencing August 21st. Don't fail to hear her. To follow her advice means a better complexion for you.

N. H. McCALLUM

Sole Distributor for Harmony Toilet Requisites

DOTHAN, ALA.

"The Rexall Store"

SOCIETY NEWS

MRS. CHIC GELLERSTEDT, Editor.

TELEPHONE 254

THE GREAT QUIET COMES

While the cobbler milled, there passed his place
A beggar grieved by the driving rain,
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went, and there came a cross
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow
A bundle of ragged bowed her back,
And she was spent with the woe and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her head
As she took her way on the weary road,
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the dark world, catching it up
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms.

Out of the reach of the world's alarms,
The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed ghost;
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray;
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then, soft, in the silence a voice was heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.
Three times, I came to your friendly door,
I was the beggar with bruised feet—
I was the woman you gave to eat—
I was the child on the homeless street."
—Edwin Markham.

A delightful party composed of Mr. Arthur Malone, Jr., Mr. Lawton Dye and Mr. Creshell Harrison have returned from a week's visit to Mr. John Jones at Highpoint, Fla.

JUDGE GARDNER AND FAMILY

MOVE TO MONTGOMERY—Honorable L. D. Gardner and family left yesterday for Montgomery, where they are to make their home, residing at No. 300 Adams street.

Since being elected to the Alabama Supreme Court, Justice Gardner has been spending much of his time in Montgomery, and they found it more convenient to remove his family to the Capital City.

Troy will greatly miss Justice Gardner and his splendid family. Mrs. Gardner was one of Troy's most interesting and zealous club workers and her absence will be felt. She is a charming woman. Justice Gardner was one of the leading citizens of Troy.

Justice and Mrs. Gardner will retain the ownership of their beautiful residence on College avenue. Troy Messenger.

Judge and Mrs. Gardner's many friends will read with interest the above clipping. Mrs. Gardner has visited here, the guest of Mrs. Ed Harmon.

COLLEGE SET PREPARING TO LEAVE SOON—

As September approaches the College Set claim our attention, as so many of our girls and boys leave shortly for the various colleges.

The University of Alabama will claim quite a number, among them will be Messrs. Boyce Crawford, Ewell Middlebrooks, Wallace Malone, J. P. Culver, Howard Buxley, George Malone, T. J. Whalley and B. E. Green will attend Bowen's in Nashville.

Woman's College in Montgomery will be represented from Dothan by Misses Nell and Estelle Green, Marguerite Ghent, Modelle Merrill, Mary Stewart, Dot Weaver, Florine Dancy, Miss Annie Saxon will go to Agnes Scott in Decatur, Ga.; Miss Mary Ma Flowers to Shorter College in Rome, Ga.; Miss Loretta McLondon to Brenau in Gainesville, Ga.; Miss Robbie Carlisle to St. Cecilia in Nashville.

Mr. George Malone, Jr., of Pensacola, Fla., is the guest of relatives.

Miss Robbie Carlisle has returned from a delightful visit to friends in Troy and Huntsville.

Miss Lucile Harrison and Miss Albert Thompson of Enterprise are the guests of Miss Robbie Harrison.

Miss Belle Jones of Gadsden arrived Saturday and is at home with Mrs. W. J. Bell on North Lena street.

The J. O. C. Club was cordially entertained on Thursday afternoon by Miss Gladys Whalley.

The home was most attractive in decorations of roses, ferns and polka plants. Three tables were arranged for the games of Rook, and at dusk a delicious buffet luncheon was served.

The guests of the afternoon were Misses Grace Faircloth, Eva Glenn, Marie Spann, Thelma Parker, Lucy McGiverny and Irene Houston of Eufrata, Mary Brown, Willie Mae Whaley, Louise Morgan, Maude Whidden, Flora Howell and Sara Owens.

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FREE Ask for beautifully illustrated book "Home and How To Paint Them," also color card showing 45 color combinations.

MASTIC PAINT

Won out over all other Paint in Longest Endurance

THE Pacolet Mfg. Co., of Spartanburg, S. C., are large paint-users and are very careful in selecting the best paint money can buy. In order to determine which paint would stand the test of time, they painted some sixty houses for an eight-year endurance test, using the leading brands. Read this letter, it proves that **MASTIC PAINT** stood the test that tells.

Profit by the Experience of People Who Know!

Don't experiment with unknown Paint—you don't have to—**Mastic Paint** is a certainty, and has been the standard of excellence for over forty years.

Mastic Paint never varies in quality, it always assures the best possible results. It is guaranteed for Absolute Purity by its makers, Peaslee-Gault Co., of Louisville, Ky., and we can recommend it highly to our customers.

FREE Ask for beautifully illustrated book "Home and How To Paint Them," also color card showing 45 color combinations.

E. R. Porter Company
Dothan, Alabama

Chero-Cola

THERE'S NONE SO GOOD



Strenuous Games take the "life" out of you—Thirst-killing Chero-Cola puts it back.

Cools--Refreshes--Stimulates

Energizes Body and Brain.

IN ICED BOTTLES ANYWHERE—5c

LOOK FOR THE Chero-Cola LABEL

BOTTLED BY
CHERO-COLA BOTTLING CO.
DOTHAN, ALA.



PALACE

MILLION \$ MYSTERY

Musical—Palace Orchestra.

—Tomorrow—
Famous Players Presents
"TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY"

—Wednesday—
JOHN HUNNY, in
"LOVE, LUCK AND GASOLINE"

Read "The Million Dollar Mystery," in this issue of The Eagle.

Mr. William Stephenson, of Hamburg, was here yesterday.

Save today's issue of The Eagle, and read, at your leisure, the beginning of the great story, "The Million Dollar Mystery," by Harold McGrath. Once a week it will be published in The Eagle, and the Palace Theatre will show it in moving pictures. You want to start off with it to keep up the interest.

Rev. and Mrs. H. H. McNeill left this morning for Prattville, to visit their daughter, Mrs. H. E. Gibson.

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Too Much for Mother.

A Pasadena boy asked his father what was meant by the expression: "The woman had a Greek profile." The father put down the paper he was reading and replied: "Why, it merely means a classic outline." The mother took a hand, declaring the answer was too short and really a shiftily euphemism. "Give our son a long and clear answer," she insisted. Paterfamilias sat up and made this lucid, ornate reply: "A Greek profile is a bold silhouette, blending the Doric and Ionic expression and depicting that clear-cut plastic work of Praxiteles, which is entirely free from the roguish renaissance school and which in modern melodrama, would be called the marble face." Both mother and son took the count, and father resumed his reading of the article: "Why Oysters Have Strong Lungs." —Pasadena News.

Real Diplomacy. Diplomacy is the art of getting somewhere when you appear to be going nowhere.—Smart Set.

Automobile Tire Prices

LOWER

We Give Below

Our Reduced Prices on Standard Guaranteed Tires and Tubes

Although practically every Rubber Company in the United States manufacturing Automobile tires increased their price last week from 12 1-2 to 20 per cent, we protected our interest as well as that of the trade and bought a large quantity just before the raise and we are therefore in position to offer you these low prices which is a very large discount from the old price list.

| Casings | | Casings | | Tubes | | Tubes | |
|----------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|-----------|--|
| Sizes | Stand. | Price | Our price | Sand. | price | Our price | |
| 28x3 | | \$10.95 | \$ 8.95 | 28x3 | \$2.65 | \$2.15 | |
| 30x3 | | \$11.70 | \$ 9.40 | 30x3 | \$2.80 | \$2.25 | |
| 30x3 1/2 | | \$15.25 | \$12.00 | 30x3 1/2 | \$3.50 | \$2.80 | |
| 32x3 1/2 | | \$16.75 | \$13.75 | 32x3 1/2 | \$3.70 | \$2.95 | |
| 34x3 1/2 | | \$17.75 | \$14.55 | 34x3 1/2 | \$3.95 | \$3.15 | |
| 32x4 | | \$22.75 | \$18.70 | 32x4 | \$4.00 | \$3.70 | |
| 34x4 | | \$23.35 | \$19.35 | 34x4 | \$4.75 | \$3.80 | |
| 34x4 | | \$21.35 | \$20.00 | 34x4 | \$4.90 | \$3.95 | |
| 35x4 | | \$25.15 | \$20.05 | 35x4 | \$5.05 | \$4.05 | |
| 36x4 | | \$25.95 | \$21.30 | 36x4 | \$5.20 | \$4.15 | |
| 35x4 1/2 | | \$31.00 | \$27.95 | 35x4 1/2 | \$6.30 | \$5.05 | |
| 36x4 1/2 | | \$35.00 | \$28.80 | 36x4 1/2 | \$6.45 | \$5.15 | |
| 37x4 1/2 | | \$36.00 | \$29.00 | 37x4 1/2 | \$6.60 | \$5.30 | |

The above prices we give are on FIRST GRADE and standard GUARANTEED Tires and Tubes. You may be able to buy a tire or tube elsewhere for 25 or 50c less, but remember there's another consideration.

Figure on the grade of tire you buy and the firm from whom you are buying and the strength of the guarantee you get. We believe we can give you more than your money's worth. TRY US.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
B. W. Clendinen & Company

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

N. FOSTER STREET